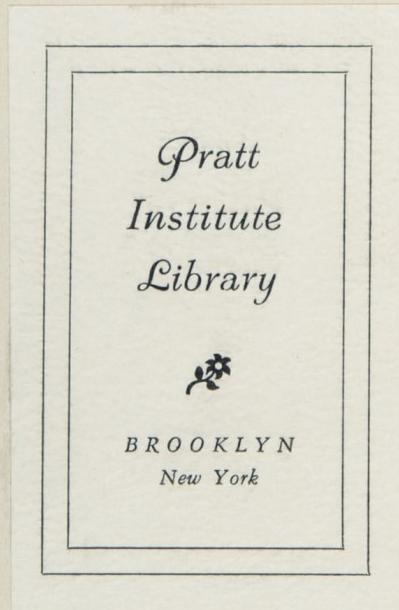


THE WILLOW



From: Estate of -  
Mrs Annie G. Coe (Nee Spring)  
Class of 1906.







THE  
**WILLOW**

PUBLISHED BY THE  
CLASS OF 1907  
NORMAL ART AND  
MANUAL TRAINING  
PRATT INSTITUTE

BROOKLYN, N.Y.



To

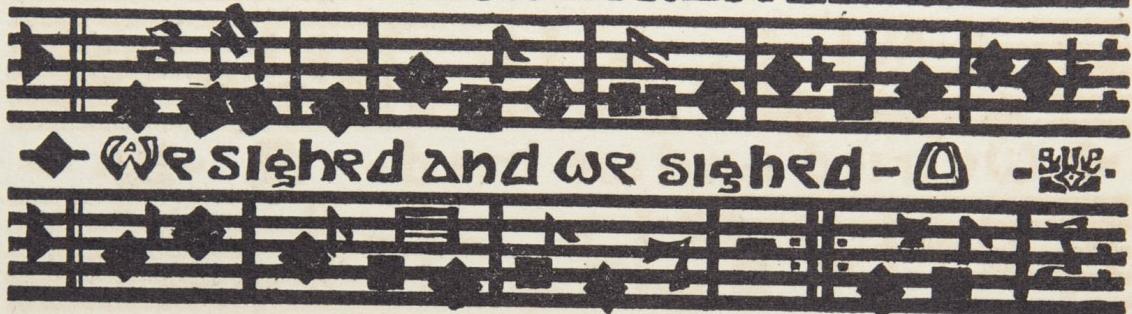
Miss Katharine F Shattuck

This Book is Respectfully  
Dedicated by her pupils  
of the Normal Class of

1907

Amskis-Thomas Clemens & Glenlyon Pa. Palmer-Doris. Buffalo N.Y.  
Bates-Ella M. <sup>1028 SOCIETY  
FOR SAVINGS  
BUILDING</sup> Cleavland  Parker-R. Deverd Nashua N.H.  
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Candee-Pearl G. Niagara Falls N.Y. Raynes-Mildred A. Lebanon N.H.   
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Nebel-Clara Grand Rapids Mich. Osier-Elizabeth H. San Jose Cal.   
Nobek-Sophia Holland Brooklyn N.Y. Green-Louise M. Springfield Mass.

# ALIVE ALL ALIVE



I was in Brooklyn Borough,  
In the Institute thorough.   
I was there that we met in the  
year nineteen five.  
I was in hot September   
Oh-how well we remember  
Those days of exams, when  
We Sighed and we Sighed.

Next day we were seated,  
And then we were greeted.   
By him who our salaries will  
provide yes provide  
He told all the courses.   
He explained by what forces  
The Arts and the Crafts were  
Applied all Applied.

Now through the year.  
In days dark and clear.   
At the Arts and the Crafts we  
plied and we plied;  
We planed and we chiseled,  
We blundered and fizzled;  
At the Arts and the Crafts we  
Plied and we Plied.

CHARUS

We sighed and we sighed  
We sighed and we sighed  
We Normals The Normals  
Alive all Alive



CHARUS

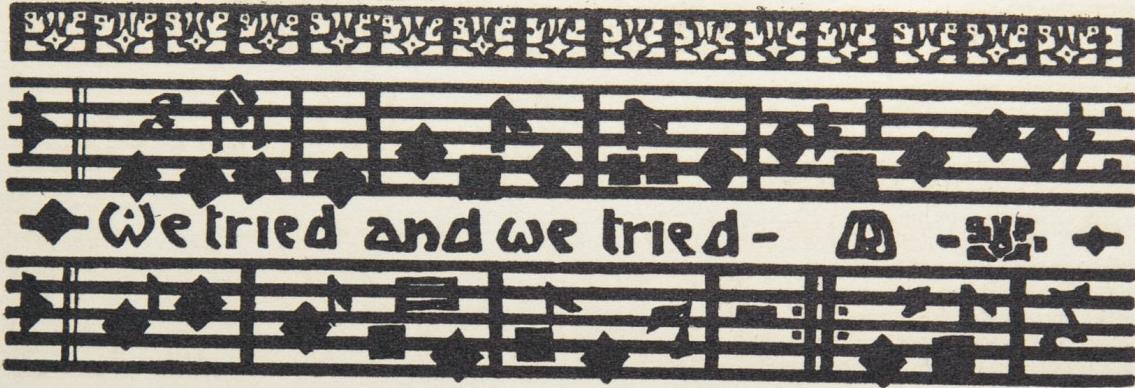
We tried and we tried  
We tried and we tried  
We Normals The Normals  
Alive all Alive



CHOROUS

Alive all alive !  
Alive all alive !  
Here's Seven Naught Seven  
Alive Still Alive





**S**o now as we remember  
Those days of last September  
**W**e look o'er the year in a  
spirit of pride  
**F**or we know that the part  
**W**e have played in Normal Art  
**V**as arrived from the spirit  
That tried and that tried

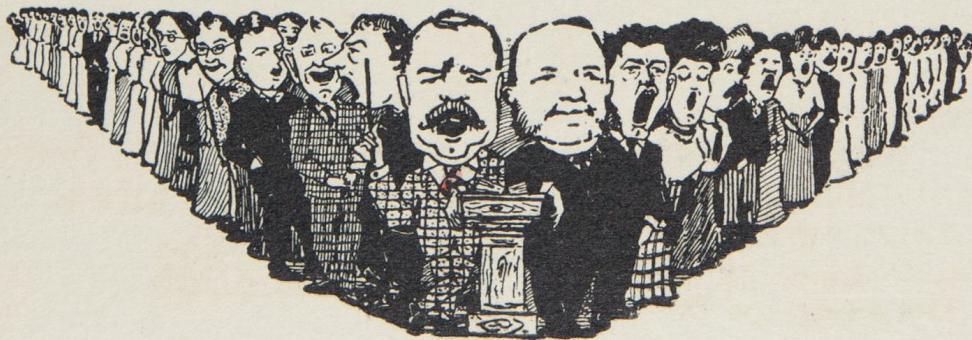
**S**o now we're proposing  
Just one song in closing  
**M**ong may Pratt Institute  
flourish and thrive.  
**A**nd in future ages  
**M**ay these long cherished pages  
**W**e call our old classmates  
Alive all Alive

CHAKUS  
We tried and we tried - □.  
We tried and we tried - □.  
We Normals The Normals.  
**A**live all **A**live

NAMT•PI•NAMT•PI•NAMT•PI•NAMT•PI

live all alive + + + □ +  
live all alive + + + □ +  
Here's Seven Naught Seven  
**A**live Still **A**live

POR•A•ST•T. POR•A•ST•T.



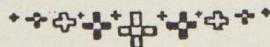


## +++ THE WILLOW +++

In Autumn you stand our arrival to greet + + + + + + +  
Ere we pass through Pratt's portals our duties to meet, + + +  
Where we learn the great truths hid away in your heart +  
Of strength drawn from earth all the years that you + +  
    grew,  
Of beauty and grace from the heavens of blue + +  
These secrets and more you are fain to impart. +

In winter you weave many patterns designed +  
Of branches and twigs all twisted and twined + +  
And we hear you say to those hurrying by, + + + +  
The world may seem dark, with its wind and its cold  
But look through my windows and you shall behold +  
    A wonderful light in the sky.

In spring once again you are clothed all in green,  
The fruit of the long winter's work is now seen.  
With your myriad leaves all waving in air + + + +  
In root, trunk and branches all these you + +  
    combine  
Life, strength and gentleness, beauty, design + +  
Fit symbol you are with our lives to compare.



# EDUCATORS



"He was a man, take him for all in all:  
I shall not look upon his like again."



Walter S. Perry, M.A. Director of Department,  
Lecturer on the History of Art.



Ralph H. Johnson - Instructor in Composition and Design.



"In sooth I know not why I am so sad,  
It wearies me, you say it wearies you.



But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of where it is born,  
I am loath to learn."

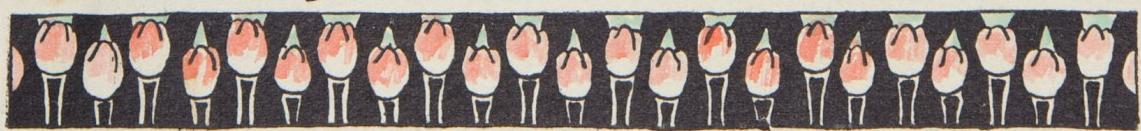


Mary Langtry - Assistant Instructor in Composition and Design.

Katherine E. Shattuck - Instructor in Drawing and Normal Training.



"There's a divinity that shapes  
our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.





"There's a knotting indeed."



Carl F. Namann, Instructor in Modeling, Design, Jewelry and Enameling.



"Nor is the wide world ignorant of  
her worth."



Dora Miriam Norton, Instructor in Drawing, Perspective, and Color.



"Double, double, boil and trouble;  
Baskets made of reed and stubble."



Lina Eppendorff, Instructor in Basketry and Weaving.



"Build ye more stately mansions —  
Oh my soul!"



C. Franklin Edminster, Instructor in Architectural Drawing and Construction.



"He could distinguish and divide a hair,  
Twirl south and south-west side."



William C. Stimpson, Instructor in Metal Work.



To know her is a liberal education.



Ida C. Haskell —— Instructor in Portrait and Life Drawing and Sketching ——



Music hath charms to soothe the savage  
breast,  
To soften rocks and bend the knotted oak.

Ethelyn F. Shauman —— Instructor in Water Color ——



Let us then be up and doing,  
With LePage for every break,  
Still a sawing, still a glueing  
Learn to fit and not to fake.

Frank H. Pierce —— Instructor in Normal Manual Training ——



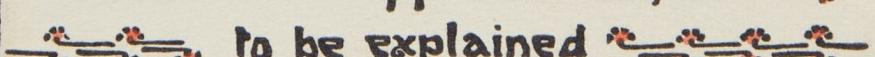
This was the most unkindest cut of all.



Morris Loeffler —— Instructor in Modeling and Wood Carving ——



Life is to be appreciated, not —



Irving King —— Instructor in Psychology and History of Education ——

He quizzed, he smiled - I flunked.



Instructor in Psychology and History of Education . . . . . Harvey A Carr

I'd put away the foolish might of a  
king  
But learn the dreaming wisdom  
that is yours.



Instructor in Anatomy and Illustration —— Otto Walter Beck

She'd rather let starvation wipe her  
slowly out of sight  
Than keep a livin' on with colors that  
are not bright.



Instructor in Drawing and Water Color —— Anna C. Fisher

Shapes of all sorts & sizes great & small  
That stood along the floor & by the wall  
And some loquacious Vessels were & some  
Listened perhaps but never talked at all.



Instructor in Drawing, Anatomy and Modeling —— Willard D Paddock

Life is real, life is earnest



Instructor in Life Drawing and Painting and Still Life in Oil — Henry Prellwitz



**Q**ue're to one of our maidens  
(Who will sail on the briny deep).  
The class' best wishes go with her  
Till back to our harbor she'll sweep.  
May she well represent 'o'er  
In those lands with wonders alive,  
As she sees what we only can see on the  
Screen  
In those lectures from four until five.

**S**ara Bell with wax and tools  
To 45 doth go,  
To get expert opinions,  
She wanders to and fro.

**L**isten my children and you shall hear  
The first of George as he draws near  
He drops them down wearily wherever he goes  
With that sweet ~~but~~ smile that everyone knows.

Now let's hear from someone who has had  
experience. Is Miss Nebel here?

**P**sycho-phone:-wonderful discovery  
Automatic action! Self-adjustable vo-  
cabulary,-warrants to answer satisfactor-  
ily any question in Psychology.  
Patent applied for. P. Sandee

Merrist to Bertha, who goes to Gym  
For she can dive but she cannot swim  
It takes a resusciting party of four,  
To bear up her body and lug it to shore.



There's an energetic maiden  
So fond of men of clay  
(We think she'll model a man to her taste  
And carry him off, some day. Horatio.

**T**here was a young lady petite  
Whose paint box was always open;  
Green was the name of her -  
Great was the fame of her -  
Her design you'll seldom see beat.

We Normals have a nice big Lamb  
And daily to the school he goes  
He always stays serene and calm,  
And how he does it no one knows.

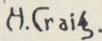
**I**n Methods there did Warren B.,  
A reputation gain,  
Mer Mows? and Whys? judiciously  
Fall like the summer rain.

Mistress Essa - quite progressive.  
How does your teaching go?  
I begin at the right, in very plain sight  
Daying. Start from the left just so!



"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."  
Misses Byerstadt, Bigley, Briber, Badger, Sol-  
burn, Hall, Kilgore, Lord, Lockhart, Roderick,  
Todd, Ward, Wyle, Mrs. Schwartz.

**LOST:** E Powell returns to Oakley-  
landsome reward.

There is a young maid from the  
Pine Tree State,  
Like the trees of its forests she's  
tall and straight.   
Her sayings tho pointed as needles  
are few,   
You're clever indeed if they haven't  
struck you. 

**S**he hath a tender smile  
And big melancholy eyes  
And her quiet sense of humor  
Often takes one by surprise. 

A girl there is named Mary Fass  
Who in the Illustration class  
Emulates Rembrandt and Titian;  
Gradations she's made,  
Of wonderful shade.  
Emoting must be her life mission.

"Cut and come again".  Edna Smith.

**E**llen Southwick-pensive, mild—  
Except when once you get her "riled".

Visitors wishing to be conducted thru  
the department should apply to—  
M. Davis, Floor Walker.



**F**or was in Boston she was bred  
I think you will agree  
There's little more that need be said  
Of Florence Mae Petree.

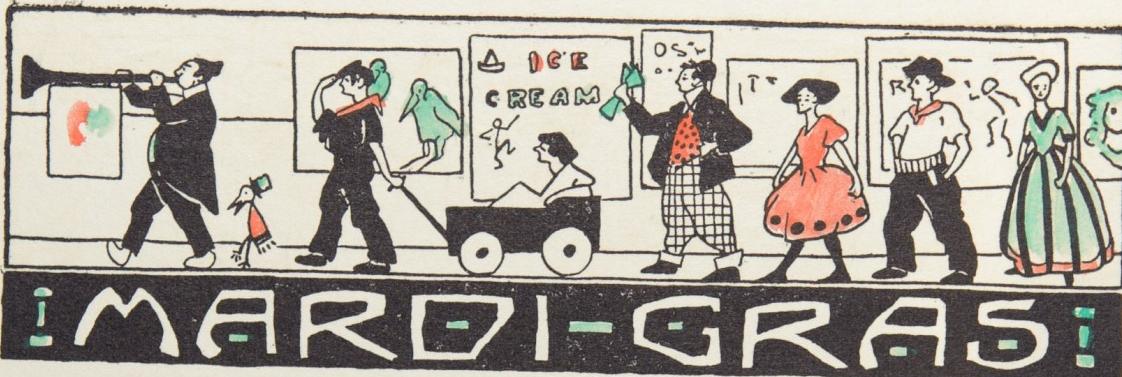
It gives us great pleasure to announce  
that Miss Edna Powell, 1907, has been  
appointed assistant to Mr. Loeffler. Miss  
Powell's intense enthusiasm for everything  
along Manual Art lines eminently fits her  
for this important position.

Students Bulletin 1908

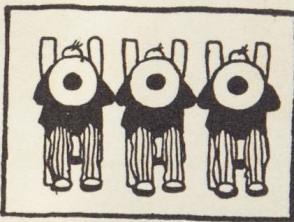
**P**ush on, keep moving!  M. Raunes.

Nancy had a little smile  
It followed her each day,  
And everywhere that Nancy went  
The smile was sure to stay.

**R**ampant Conscience came out of  
the West,  
In the whole 1st year Normal it  
does the best.  
It stayed not for Perspective, Design was  
its fun.   
It even made baskets when need there was  
none.   
It rode its poor owner with bit and with spur,  
And rare was the night sleep visited  
her.  B. Uhl



**M**ow ponder well, ye readers dear,  
**E**these words which I shall write,  
**R**jolly story you shall hear  
**S**n time brought forth to light —



**A** Normal Class of goodly size  
**I**n BROOKLYN dwelt of late  
**W**ho longed to give a great surprise  
**T**o the class of — Nineteen Eighty —

**T**hey gave a party all in state...  
 And each one took a hand.  
 They hustled madly — could not wait —  
 And hired a TUM-TUM band.

**T**he longed — for night at last arrived,  
**E**xcitement reigned galore —  
**C**he Naughty-Eights, their faces clean,  
**E**nto the hall did pour —



Twas in November bleak and cold.  
 The music hall was bright,  
 And there in gorgeousness unrolled  
 We hung our young invite —

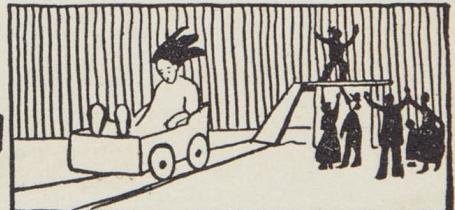


The Mardi-Gras was in full blast,  
And light their eyes did dazzle,  
And magic spells around them cast  
**FAKIR FAKEMS ERAZZLE**



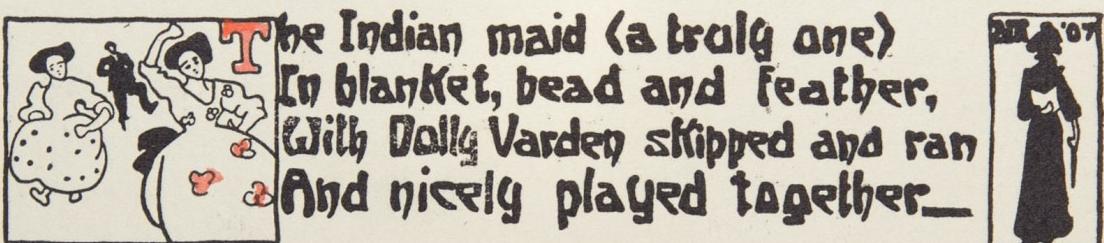
"Buy your tickets **Roller Coaster**  
Cheap at half the price"—  
The Green-goods man, an awful boaster,  
The children did entice—

The Frisco Earthquake step this way  
Marvelous reproduction,  
Beautiful scenery, eloquent spiel  
Voluminous instruction—



Come hang a ring on Julia's tooth,"  
says the maid of peroxide hair.  
They lingered near the snake uncouth  
till they were chased from there,  
A soldier boy in uniform,  
A cowboy wild and free,  
A clown, an artist all forlorn,  
Seemed all good friends to be—





**T**he Indian maid (a truly one)  
In blanket, bead and feather,  
With Dolly Varden skipped and ran  
And nicely played together—

**E**nd flower girls roamed in and out  
**M**ong dames and gallants bold—  
**E**nd gypsies from the sunny south  
**S**he children's fortunes told—

**T**hey coaxed Miss Shattuck far to ride  
**U**pon the **ROLLER COASTER**  
**S**he sped so fast she thought she saw  
**O**ne mammoth **ZIG-ZAG** poster—



**M**R. EDDIE out for fun,  
**W**ent sailing with a whiz—  
It was its last and fatal run—  
He put it out of biz—

**R**emember in the years to come,  
Though scattered near and far—  
The Naughty-Sevens that made things hum—  
**AND THE WONDERFUL MARDI-GRAS**





The music room was crowded full of lads and lasses gay, for our class was giving a party and on Saint Valentine's day.



Our cupid Anshis with baton and  
Fair sweet band of course ♥♥♥  
With music gay led off the day  
until he was ♥♥ stopped by force.  
For a curtain grand went sailing  
back and left a stage ♥♥ to view  
Where Shakespeare's famous ♥♥♥  
Pyramus was to his ♥♥ This be true.



The prologue Lamb had his day,  
the Reger lion roared his way  
and the Guesswein moon shone pale,  
The wall stood still as a Young wall should

While Pyramus went as he said he  
would, to his Thisbe George was true.

And when the show was over  
With our partners For  
the dance



Saints we tried to win  
the ladies and we found it more than chance.  
But at last along we glided  
glancing at the instructors hearts  
finding they had all been punctured by the former class's arts.  
And we made some resolutions  
as from dear old Pratt we went

They should feel that from our  
guiver



Darts  
of good will should be spent.  
We're departing yet we're leaving those we've learned to love behind,  
And we're looking for the future wondering if we'll ever find in the battle,  
And the struggle, and the worry and all that friends who will be kind and loyal as the instructors

we were at Pratt.



# THE COUNTY FAIR

IN A LETTER HOME TO MOTHER

DEAR MOTHER -

Last night the Seniors gave

us all, a time down in the Musick Hall  
Miss Shattuck said as we were sum  
B'gosh I thought I was to hum  
The County Fair they called the show  
Did things hum? Well they wasn't slow  
I nearly died a laughin' at  
Kennedy in that old straw hat  
And Pickerel's fish pond was just rate  
I fished till there wasn't no more bait  
The gals all rigged like home folks too  
And sold us candy red and blue  
One as sold roller buttons there  
Was prettier than the gals at our  
home fair.

They had a show of pictures too  
Better than what the Teachers do.  
The Horse Race was a bully sight  
I picked the winner too all right  
They had a play I couldn't get  
Failed "Ramie Hoe and Juliet Ett",  
Now mayby that's a joke by jink  
But what it meant I couldn't think.  
The Seniors are a good old crowd  
And not a bit stuck up or droud.

The Teachers too, was not too grand  
To shake a feller by the hand.  
In fact these Pratt folks seem to me  
As jolly a lot as ever could be!  
[But work! Why farmin' to this here  
's like sittin' in a rockin' sheer]  
We danced till he turned out the light  
And then we had to say Good bye.  
Your loving son, Jake.

## THE ART STUDENT'S FAIR

"Sing a song of seasons"  
The brave Art Students cry.  
"Four and ninety sketches  
Arranged before our eye."

When the doors were opened,  
December eight Naughtsix,  
Wasn't that a gorgeous sight  
On which our gaze to fix!

Dear Spring was there with tulips  
To bring us hope and cheer,  
But Summer Fall and Winter  
Had each its message clear.

And when our ninety sketches  
No longer we espied,  
\$278 was in the safe,  
So we were satisfied.

# THE MOTHER GOOSE PARTY



This is the party  
of old Mother Goose  
The whole of her  
family had  
there broken loose,



And a jolly good time  
we had at this party  
Where one of the faculty  
laughed very heartily



He is the man the  
Director of Art,  
Who lectures us  
jointly and  
sometimes apart,

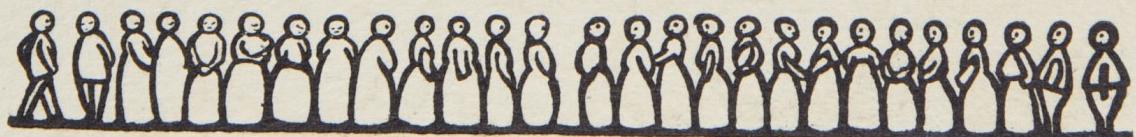
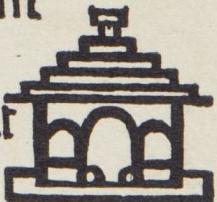
He determines the work  
in which we take pride  
Approved by the teacher  
with knowledge so wide  
Who helps the class



A duck  
that sketches the tree  
Duck Duck Duck Duck Duck



A staunch as the Thrift  
Not far from the "Lift"  
that runs in  
The School that  
Pratt Built.



# A Child's Party

There's a rarity proverbial -  
of the perfect day in June -  
Superlatively perfect when  
vacation cometh soon . . . .  
But before that final day -  
Let us run away and play -  
At Hempstead with our host-  
ess on a glorious afternoon.

For the woods and fields are call-  
ing & its there that we would  
be  
Where the flowers all are -  
blooming & a cozy house we see  
First we had a jolly ride  
Then we roamed the lake beside  
With arms all filled with dai-  
ties we returned in time for tea . . .



Then the games of childhood played we -  
neath the lanterns and the moon  
And with music's added pleasure sped  
the hours away in tune . . . .  
Then three cheers for J. H. C. ! . .  
Loyal ever we will be . . . .  
To the memory of our party on that .

\*      perfect day in \*

\* \* June.



A DREAM.  
I HAD A DREAM THE OTHER NIGHT;  
WHEN EVERYTHING WAS STILL;  
I DREAMED I SAW MISS-LANGTRY;  
CLIMBING UP SYMBOLIC HILL,  
AND CLOSE BESIDE HER ON THE GRADE  
YOUNG REPETITION CRAWLED;  
SUBORDINATION CAULDN'T CLIMB  
SO HE STOOD THERE AND BAWLED  
TILL CENTER OF INTEREST COMING UP  
PUSHED YOUNG SUBORD ASIDE  
AND TOOK FIRST PLACE UPON THE SLOPE  
WITH PURE COMPOSITE PRIDE;  
A STICK OF CHARCOAL LIMPED ALONG  
FOR WORN AND FAGGED WAS HE;  
MANILA PAPER SMUDGED AND BLURRED  
LEANED UP AGAINST A TREE,  
THREE TUBES OF PAINT ALL JAMMED AND PUNCHED  
BUT LABELED PURE BRIGHT COLOR,  
STOOD READY FOR ANOTHER SQUEEZE  
TO "HELP THE OTHER FELLOW."

FEEDING





Poor German White, you should have seen  
The texture that she wore. I  
Heard her say to Bristle Brush  
"You've scrubbed me till I'm sore."  
The wood block murmured, "Do cut up  
I feel that I shall faint,"  
The stencil on the fence sat down  
To clean off surplus paint.  
But at this instant in my dream  
Our Mr. J. appeared,  
You should have heard the shout go up  
As every creature cheered,  
But such a sound so queer so abstract  
With weird abrupt transitions  
Came floating through the air to me  
T'was the spirit of composition.  
I bowed my head and meekly said  
"It cannot be explained,  
But in its way to my dying day  
I'll follow and not complain."



" had some power the giftie gie us,  
 to see ourselves as others see us."

**H**e had "precepts" - just a few.  
And hallucinations too!  
Which is this, that comes to view?  
A lonesome picture will not do  
He came to Pratt "to learn to draw"  
That is what he's training for,  
And there is no incongruity  
In his youthful "spontaneity."  
Gesswein.

There was a young man named Kent,  
Who on housekeeping was intent.  
Special problems of clerks  
And young ladies frocks  
Kept busy this young man named  
Kent.

**S**he comes from Waterbury  
And this is her constant plea:  
I want to go home to my Mommer,  
And my Mommer she wants me!"  
Johnson.

Her pencil "bites the paper"  
Just see the picture grow!  
How does she ever do it?  
If we could only know!  
A.Smith.

Young man of letters - nuf sed.  
L.W. Young

**H**er hair is auburn.  
Her name is Rose  
And sunshine is with her,  
Wherever she goes. Fetterolf.

**P**almistry-Madame Dager, the world-renowned Palmist:- Your fortune told while your clay-modelling waits

Come early and avoid the rush. Van Holtyne

We search 36 for her in vain,  
Idle her saw unused her plane  
Her Noble face to the landscape turns  
Mere mechanical work she spurns.

Hello Mistress Parker,  
What makes you come so soon?  
You used to come at 10 o'clock  
But now you come at noon.

Way down South from the fields of cotton  
Comes a charming maid who'll ne'er be  
forgotten,  
With her winning ways she captures  
the heart E.Davis  
She will win her laurels in the field of art

**W**here're you see a curled up fish  
Or tiger, dog or cat  
Or any beast or bird all made of spots  
And lines,  
'Tis Mr Pieger did them all, you may be  
sure of that,  
For he's the master hand you know  
In making brute designs.

**O**h where, oh where is our "Pickey"  
Dear gone?  
Oh where, oh where is she at?  
Up in the office, so long, so long.  
With her mirror and brush and mat.  
Oh there, oh there is where "Pickey" may be,  
Oh there, oh there she doth wait.  
Oh whom, oh whom does she go to see,  
And what can make him so late?

**P**ersons desiring to discuss Psychology, Socialism, or Anarchy should make an appointment with Putnoi.

I never could be sad again nor weary,  
If Psyche would only be my wife,  
For then, in spite of work and school-  
rooms dreary,  
I know I'd lead the intellectual life.  
Bates

"Her voice was ever soft and low,  
An excellent thing in woman." flint.

**T**here was a young lady named Palmer,  
Who aspired to be a great charmer  
Of snakes or of men.  
She cared not a pin,  
For neither could greatly alarm her.

A suburban young woman named Harriet.  
Had a trunk which she tied with a lariat.  
In its depths she stowed away  
All she owned every day, H. Woodhull.  
And from Newark every morn she did carry it.

The tight little Isle of Manhattan  
Is what Burke would like to stand upon.  
His idea of bliss, is just simply this-  
To eat, drink, live, and die in Manhattan.

**S**treet urchins clothed, fed, and in-  
structed-Apply, Mary A. Lattimer.

Diary of N. Smith.

Apr. 1<sup>st</sup> Maple sugar sent from Adirondacks  
" 2<sup>nd</sup> Had my fortune told.  
" 3<sup>rd</sup> Began bowl for tea-set set.  
" 4<sup>th</sup> Finished cooking bowl and clock  
" 5<sup>th</sup> More maple sugar from Adirondacks

**J**ust Published-  
Professor Jessie Darwin Burts  
Text Book of Zoology- An especially  
interesting chapter upon the artistic  
instincts of French animals.

Edition de luxe of "The Strenuous Life"  
by M. Boyd. Profusely illustrated,  
edited with footnotes, marginal design  
and a complete glossary.

**T**here was a girl in our school.  
And she was monstrous spry  
At learning saws and planes  
She hardly had to try.  
But when it came to trolley cars  
Her head was in a whirl.  
She'd land in Brooklyn or in Mars.  
This queerly balanced girl.-S. Stearns

## THE CHARGE OF THE NORMALS

**H**alf a day, half a day,  
half a day onward;  
In cast, life and portrait class  
Gladly we lingered.  
Make all your lines alive;  
Thus make your work survive  
Miss Haskell finds good in each  
How-we all wondered.

Onward we go from thence  
Pity our ignorance,  
Oh where is our defence?  
Helpless we blunder.  
Ours not to reason why—  
Behold how the time does fly  
Ours to design and dye  
With colors that take our breath,  
Rampage and thunder.

**T**uesday away we dash  
Down to Psychology class  
Little we know, alao!  
Just puzzle and ponder;  
Rush hence to thirty-three  
Draw flower, twig and tree  
My pencil just won't bite—  
And goodness gracious me  
How we all flounder.

**W**ednesday is here again  
With fretsaw, knife and plane  
Don't mind a little pain  
If fingers are cut when  
We saw boards asunder.  
Gracious! it's four o'clock!  
Comes with an awful shock  
Rush down to lecture,  
There write till five o'clock  
When longing to slumber.

**E**llipses above the eye,  
Ellipses below the eye  
Cubes, books and cylinders  
Converge and foreshorten.  
We strive for them in vain,  
We almost go insane  
As from the mire of doubt  
Through a long weary lane  
Out of the dark to light,  
We follow Miss Norton.

Friday has come at last  
Model we then from cast,  
Make baskets unnumbered  
Many a plan we made,  
Many a knot and braid,  
More than six hundred.

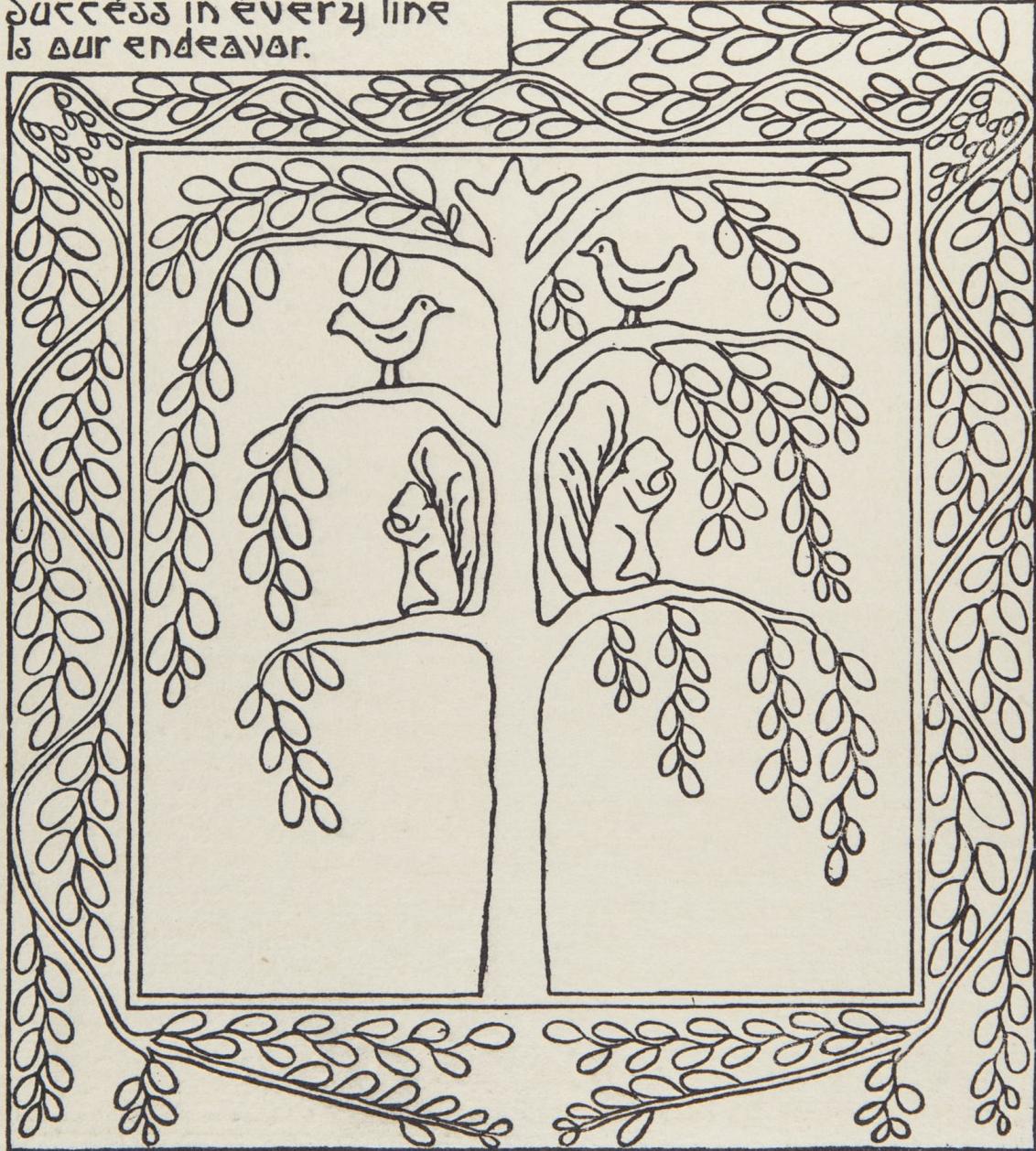
**O**n SECOND YEAR  
heavens where's my brush?  
I'm in an awful rush!  
I must be in my place  
Though dark be the weather.  
Don't let my paper dry,  
Here all my senses fly,  
Here's where we groan and sigh  
Discouraged? well rather.

**D**itched to a star so bright,  
Beck's in aerial flight,  
Heavens! he's out of sight,  
Could aught be sadder?  
What! sit you down and sigh  
Is not the star on high?  
Up then you pumpkin-head  
Up! scale your ladder.



Carve away, tool away,  
Wood, metal and leather;  
To each give half a day,  
Four all together.  
What though we weep a bit  
When joints just will not fit  
Success in every line  
Is our endeavor.

We have had the two years fled  
And still we're not all dead  
Though hard we have striven  
Honor our vigorous raid!  
Honor the progress made  
Three cheers for haught-seven!



# Will and Testament.

**H**now All Men By These Presents. That We,  
Senior Prattites of the town of Brook-  
lyn County of Kings State of New York  
considering the uncertain-  
ty of art and being of esthetic mind and stren-  
uous memory do construct, repeat, and place  
emphasis upon this our last will and testa-  
ment.

## First-

We give, devise, and bequeath to our beloved  
Institute, all the residue of our art stricken  
hearts, real, personal, or mixed, to have and to  
hold the same to it, its executioners, art minis-  
ters, and designs, forever.

## Second-

To W. S. Perry, we bequeath five percent of  
our first year's salary, for investing in one  
round trip ticket to Mars, for the purpose of  
investigating art in that planet, and furthermore,  
for the endowment of future lecture courses.

## Third-

We give and bequeath unto our time oppres-  
sed young hopefuls, the Juniors the use, improve-  
ment and outcome of one year's spacing and all its

relationships, situated in the Spot of Utopia, to have ■  
and to hold the same to them, for and during their  
naturalistic lives.

**Fourth,**

We give, devise and bequeath to our "designing" composers Mary Langtry and Ralph A. Johnson double units the remainder and "interest" of our pattern "spotted" thin fabrics, otherwise known and of common repeat; as paint cloths; said paint cloths to be utilized as Color Schemes.

**Fifth**

We donate to C. H. Beck the "soul" right to reproduce accurately and at will any of our emotional sketches which he finds rivaling the old masters, to be copyrighted and introduced abroad by our executioner hereinafter ■ named.

**Sixth**

We bequeath to our methodical instructor ~~Kallman & Statnik~~ some two thousand five hundred of our ten minute sketches to be utilized for the adorning of the walls of the Pratt Art Gallery. Aforesaid exhibition to be held as an example of a "biting" & "gripping" kind, world without end, for future ages.

**Seventh,**

We bequeath to Frank H. Peacock all surplus shavings and scraps of wood, namely, "wood-blocks", also all the energy left over from the tremendous exertions expended on those ingenious boxes. We express our

special gratitude for his inexhaustible supply of ~~x~~  
patience which we have sorely taxed during aforesaid strenuous times.

**Eighth,**

We hereby and when no longer alive do ~~xxx~~  
bequeath to Ida C. Haskell our timeworn skeletons or  
whatever shall remain thereof for the furthering of  
"anatomically possible" sketches to have and to hold  
the same to her and her students for "life" for art:  
and forever.

**Ninth,**

We do nominate and appoint our executioner,  
hereinafter named, to bestow upon Dora Minnie Noton all our  
timeworn denim bags to be identified by the color there  
of, to wit, one sage green. Furthermore, all appurte-  
nances of aforesaid bags, to wit, all surplus bristle:  
brushes of our first year's experience which we fail-  
ed to bring into harmonious service. Said bristle  
brushes are to be distributed among future classes

**Tenth,**

We bestow upon our extricator of knotty problems,  
namely, Lina Eppendorff one moving van for the ~~x~~  
transporting of all chattels, personal, real, or mixed,  
incumbent upon one year's accumulation of knots,  
weaves, and baskets.

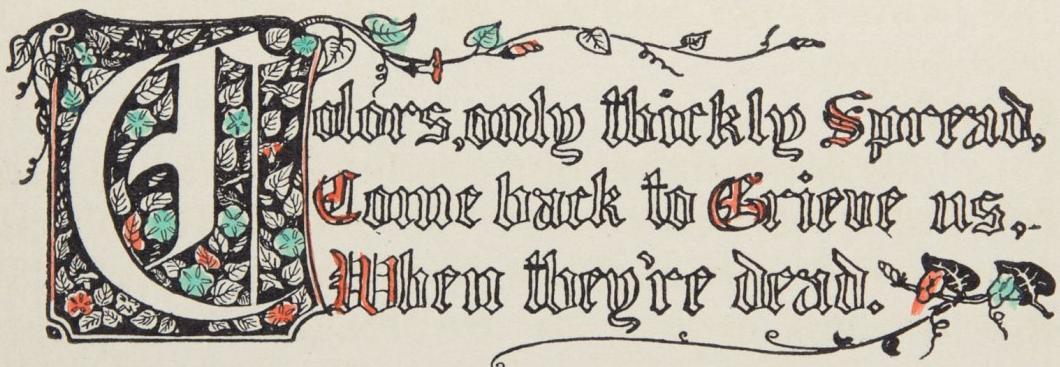
**Eleventh,**

We give unto our "model instructor",  
~~Hillard~~ one list of names and one parcel

identification slips, to be utilized singly or in groups with reference to the acquaintance of our survivors, said Junior Class.

**Twelfth,**

We hereby denote to our noted composer, *Philip D. Chapman* one illuminated text as an ever present warning to future colorists; aforesaid text to read in such wise:-



**Thirteenth,**

To *Colt Chapman* we bequeath one thousand pounds of unbreakable "thousand-blow-proof-copper"; if such an unheard-of calamity as a "break" should occur we recommend the "firing" of aforesaid invention.

**Fourteenth,**

We bequeath to that "coaxing" and "wrought" up instructor *W<sup>m</sup>. C. Stimpson*, the use and improvement of our each and every "bill of material" to meet the demand of all future aspirants to our "bent" and calling; each bill to be summed, & signed, and sealed with silver solder.

Fifteenth,

We donate to Moritz Loeffler whose image is deeply carved upon our steaunch and oaken hearts, one thousand pounds of our wax models, to be used as a nucleus for a museum of modern antiquities that shall be known as the "Busy Work Collection".

Sixteenth,

Unto Harry Abbott we leave one treatise on "Rousseau's Naturalistic Education"; said treatise to be utilized as a "natural" "instinctive" defense for future classes against the "unnatural" coercion to study more History of Education than their natural inclination bids them.

Seventeenth,

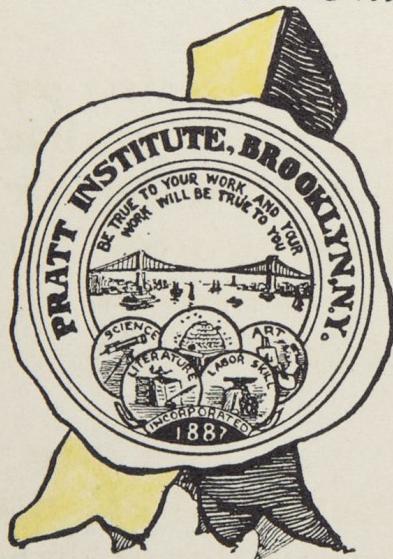
To C. Franklin Edminster we give the contract for erecting an Assembly Hall capable of seating at least one quarter of the student body of Pratt Institute; front view to face the panorama of Ryerson street, sideview to overlook the Willoughby Boulevard, top view to represent a dome through which to study atmospheric effects.

We do nominate and apply our Director, Walter Scott Perry to be the executioner of this, our last thrill and temperament.

As Testimony Whereof, we have to this, our last thrill and temperament, subscribed our names, and affixed our seals this Twentieth

day of June , in the year of our Lord, one thousand  
nine hundred and seven

Signed, Sealed, and Declared, by said Normal Class for its last thrill and temperament,  
in the presence of us, who, at its request, and in  
its presence, and in the presence of each other, have  
subscribed our names as willy necessities thereto.



Florence Mae Pettee.

Clara Belle Davis

Doris Palmer

Margaret Anne Boyd

Pearl G. Canfield

F. M. Rich Kent



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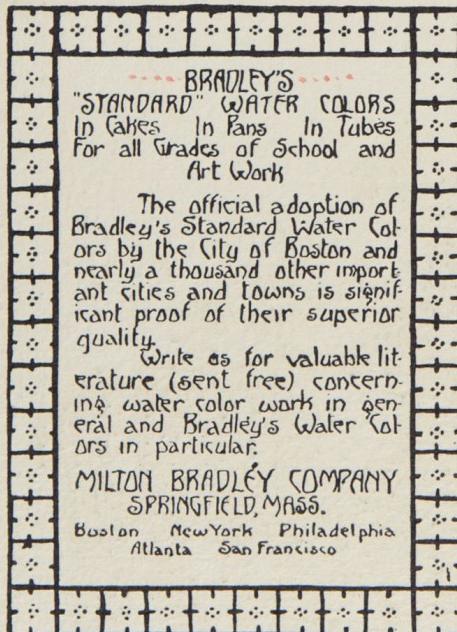
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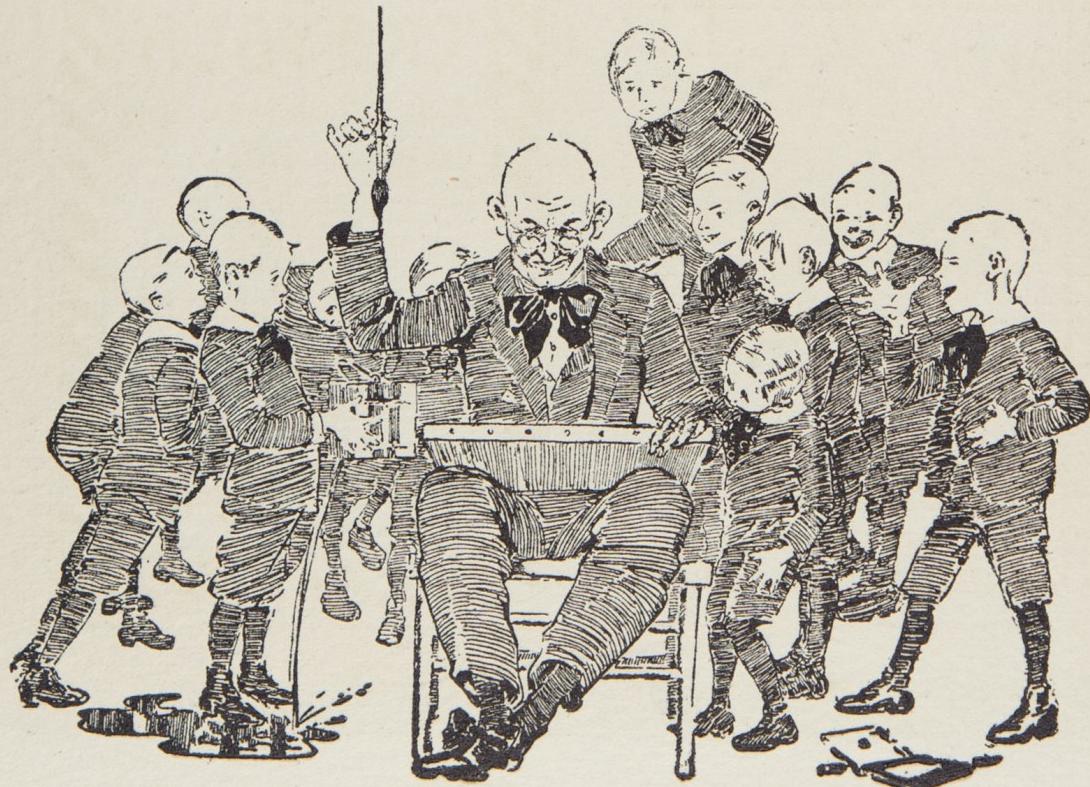
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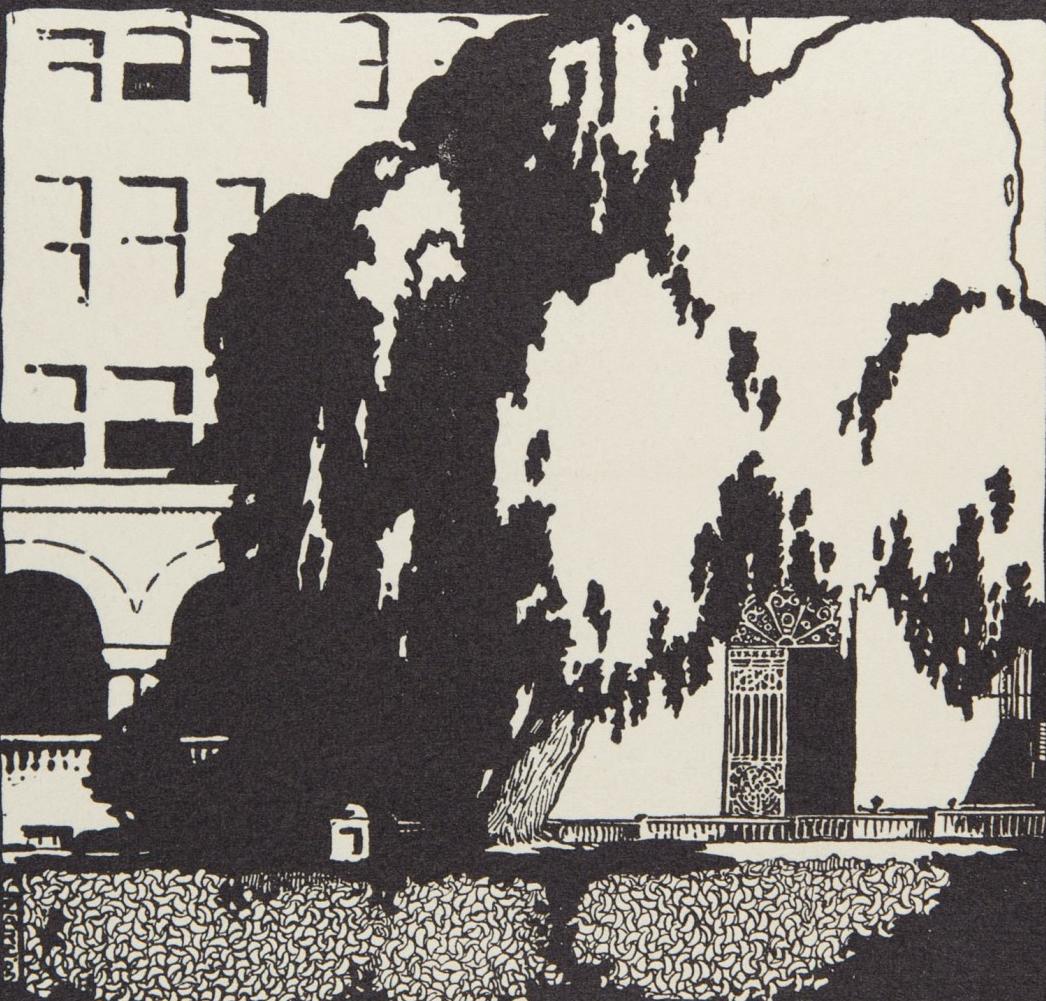
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